

SPIRITUAL JOTTINGS.

After traveling through almost a score of states preaching among the Brethren, I feel sure that Brother Gnagey is right when he declares that we are as nearly of one mind as other churches, and nearer than the G. B. I know that we are *much* nearer than the G. B., and we are now nearer than when we consolidated in 1882.

The S. S. Quarterlies are first class in every respect and solid on doctrine. Our dear Brother Miller expected an elaborate comment, not receiving that, he felt disappointed.

As I read a letter from my young brother and also our dear Brother Moomaw's articles, giving an account of the splendid revival in Virginia, I feel it my duty to say a little something about my brother. I am doing this without his knowledge or consent, knowing him as I do, I feel sure that he would rather for me to say but little about him, as he does not desire publicity. My reasons are many for saying what I do, but the one pre-eminently above all others is the benefit of the cause of Christ.

1. J. S. Bowman is ten years younger than I. D. That makes him twenty-three.

2. He is the baby, and was converted when thirteen years old. He was the best of the family, I the worst, and three others between us in goodness, but I next to the baby in age. I have one sister, her husband is a G. B. elder, and is a consecrated Christian man, and a good preacher.

3. My brother is married, and has two children. He, like nearly all of our tribe of Bowman's, was married when he was a boy. He took a girl to raise.

He is the best educated of the family; he has a mental temperament, tall, slim in build, with little vitality. He lacks destructiveness and combativeness. Very large caution, consciousness and reason. No policy, no deception, and can neither be "bought" nor "sold." He is logical, doctrinal, sympathetic, but lacks a little in push and fire. He knows his weakness a little too well. He hasn't quite enough ambition to push himself in, but he has a kind of a sturdy determination that causes him to hang on after he gets started. He is absolutely impartial, and will forsake his father, brother, or nearest friend in all error, as quickly as a stranger. He is not known in our brotherhood, and hence, he is wasting much of his precious time, gardening instead of raising fruit for the Master. Now you brethren who have been begging me to come to hold revivals, can get him for much less money than I could work for, and will in all probability

do you as much good, and perhaps better service. I have always said consciously, that my brother has greater possibilities before him than I have. All that is needed is a little experience. He is consecrated, and will make a successful pastor or evangelist, and is well adapted for town or city work. His address is, John S. Bowman, Port Republic, Va.

I have written this with as much impartiality as if he was no relative of mine. For the good of the cause I would like to see him constantly working for the Master.

ISAAC D. BOWMAN.

STAR NEWS.

The brethren at this place held a communion meeting May 6. The house was crowded, and order good. Our Sunday-school is still in progress. The general average number of scholars is from thirty-five to forty. Everyone seems to be deeply interested. Our little folks commit memory verses each week, and the older pupils write essays. We all enjoy it very much. I am superintendent of our school at present, and I must say I love the work. I have some good news to write. I have a little sister, two weeks old. Her name is Ora Leota Ermine Fellers. We all love her very much, as she is a rarity in our home. I am twenty years old, have one brother seventeen years old, a sister fifteen, and now we have one more added. She seems like a little angel with us.

Fraternally yours,

ESTELLA FELLERS.

Mulvane, Kan.

ENTHUSIASM.

"What thy hands find to do, do it with thy might." A Christian business man says:

"I went into a place in St. Louis to see a friend. While there a commercial traveler came in and said, 'I want to sell you some jewelry.' 'Get out,' said the proprietor; 'I don't want to see your samples.' 'But you must,' said the man. 'I won't get out,' and began to unpack. The man became interested and so did I. He showed him a fine lot of goods, diamonds, pearls, and precious stones set in gold, and sold the man seven hundred dollars' worth. Well, thought I, that fellow is smart. When he had sold the bill, he said to the merchant, 'Now, I have one more thing to show you—the best thing I've got,' and he began to go deeper into his cases. I began to wonder what he could mean—better than gold, diamonds, and pearls, and got up closer, and the merchant did too. The 'drummer' took out a little case and opened it, and there was a Bagster Bible; and as he turned the

leaves he said, 'This is the pearl of great price. This is better than all earthly possessions. It is God's word. Sir, are you a Christian? This man had enthusiasm, both in business and in Christian life.'

Enthusiasm, in the tremendous power it bestows upon its possessor, is well illustrated by an Alpine avalanche. Speaking of masses of ice and snow hanging on the edge of a glacier, J. A. Syn.unds says, "We have seen such avalanches brooding upon Monte Rosa or the Jungfrau, beaten by storms, loosened perchance by summer sun, but motionless. In a moment a lightening flash strikes the mass, and it roars crumbling to the deep."—*Religious Telescope*.

THE LORD'S HOUSE.

It would be hardly possible to invent a more destructive method of undermining public ministrations of the sanctuary than the Sunday secular newspaper. The secular is made to supersede the spiritual; the currents of business carry the soul far out into tumultuous seas, away from God's sheltered harbor of needed rest. The whole scheme is fraught with peril to souls.

Said a professed Christian in our hearing recently: "I became so absorbed in my daily paper this morning that I failed to observe when the hour for public service came." The response of a friend at his side was a terrible rebuke: "You missed an excellent sermon, and a rich blessing in the sanctuary."

Notwithstanding this evil and other attractions of our time, so unfriendly to sanctuary service, what multitudes of hungry hearts are being satisfied with the "fatness of His house!" Never, we are confident, has the privilege of sitting where "strength and beauty are in His sanctuary" been more widely appreciated than at the present. Never have greater numbers in the aggregate sought His courts, or have exclaimed with joyful hearts: "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Unnumbered souls in Christian and heathen lands not only find delight in God's earthly temple; they anticipate with rapture the speedy entrance into the heavenly. In the marvelous description given by the revelator of that abode the temple vanishes away, and God becomes evermore all and in all: "I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."—*Christian Advocate*.

THE saloon is the church of lust.